

*Ford.* I will neuer mistrust my wife againe, till thou art able to woo her in good English.

*Fal.* Haue I laid my braine in the Sun, and dri'de it, that it wants matter to preuent so grosse ore-reaching as this? Am I ridden with a Welch Goate too? Shal I haue a Coxcombe of Frize? Tis time I were choak'd with a peece of toasted Cheefe.

*En.* Seele is not good to giue putter; your belly is al putter.

*Fal.* Seele, and Putter? Haue I liu'd to stand at the taunt of one that makes Fritters of English? This is enough to be the decay of lust and late-walking through the Realme.

*Mist. Page.* Why Sir *Iohn*, do you thinke though wee would haue thrust vertue out of our hearts by the head and shoulders, and haue giuen our selues without scruple to hell, that euer the deuill could haue made you our delight?

*Ford.* What, a hodge-pudding? A bag of flax?

*Mist. Page.* A put man?

*Page.* Old, cold, wither'd, and of intollerable entrailes?

*Ford.* And one that is as slanderous as Sathan?

*Page.* And as poore as Iob?

*Ford.* And as wicked as his wife?

*En.* And giuen to Fornications, and to Tauernes, and Sacke, and Wine, and Metheglins, and to drinkings and swearings, and starings? Pribles and prables?

*Fal.* Well, I am your Theame: you haue the start of me, I am delected: I am not able to answer the Welch Flannell, Ignorance it selfe is a plummet ore me, vse me as you will.

*Ford.* Marry Sir, wee'l bring you to Windsor to one *M<sup>r</sup> Broome*, that you haue cozon'd of money, to whom you should haue bin a Pander: ouer and aboue that you haue suffer'd, I thinke, to repay that money will be a biting affliction.

*Page.* Yet be cheerefull Knight: thou shalt eat a posset to night at my house, wher I will desire thee to laugh at my wife, that now laughs at thee: Tell her *M<sup>r</sup> Slender* hath married her daughter.

*Mist. Page.* Doctors doubt that;  
If *Anne Page* be my daughter, she is (by this) *Doctour Caius* wife.

*Slender.* Whoa hoe, hoe, Father *Page*.

*Page.* Sonne? How now? How now Sonne, haue you dispatch'd?

*Slender.* Dispatch'd? He make the best in *Glostershire* know on't: would I were hang'd la, else.

*Page.* Of what sonne?

*Slender.* I came yonder at *Eaton* to marry *Mistress Anne Page*, and she's a great lubberly boy. If it had not bene i'th Church, I would haue swing'd him, or hee should haue swing'd me. If I did not thinke it had bene *Anne Page*, would I might neuer stirre, and 'tis a Post-masters Boy.

*Page.* Vpon my life then, you tooke the wrong.  
*Slender.* What made you tell me that? I thinke so, when I tooke a Boy for a Girl: If I had bene married to him, (for all he was in *Romans* apparrell) I would not haue had him.

*Page.* Why this is your owne folly,  
Did not I tell you how you should know my daughter, By her garments?

*Slender.* I went to her in greene, and cried Mum, and she cride budget, as *Anne* and I had appointed, and yet it was not *Anne*, but a Post-masters boy.

*Mist. Page.* Good *George* be not angry, I knew of your purpose: turn'd my daughter into white, and indeede she is now with the Doctour at the Deanrie, and there married.

*Cai.* Ver is *Mistress Page*: by gar I am cozoned, I ha married oon *Garlooon*, a boy; oon pesant, by gar. A boy, it is not *An Page*, by gar, I am cozoned.

*M. Page.* VVhy? did you take her in white?

*Cai.* I bee gar, and 'tis a boy: be gar, Ile raise all Windsor.

*Ford.* This is strange: Who hath got the right *Annel*?

*Page.* My heart misgiues me, here comes *M<sup>r</sup> Fenton*.  
How now *M<sup>r</sup> Fenton*?

*Anne.* Pardon good father, good my mother pardon *Page*. Now *Mistress*:

How chance you went not with *M<sup>r</sup> Slender*?

*M. Page.* Why went you not with *M<sup>r</sup> Doctour*, maid?

*Fen.* You do amaze her: heare the truth of it, You would haue married her most shamefully,

Where there was no proportion held in loue:  
The truth is, she and I (long since contracted)

Are now so sure that nothing can dissolue vs:  
Th'offence is holy, that she hath committed,

And this deceit looses the name of craft,  
Of disobedience, or vndutious title,

Since therein she doth cuitate and shun  
A thousand irreligious cursed houres

Which forced marriage would haue brought vpon her.  
*Ford.* Stand not amaz'd, here is no remedie:

In Loue, the heauens themselves do guide the state,  
Money buyes Lands, and wiues are sold by fate.

*Fal.* I am glad, though you haue tane a special stand  
to strike at me, that your Arrow hath glanc'd.

*Page.* Well, what remedy? *Fenton*, heauen giue thee  
ioy, what cannot be eschew'd, must be embrac'd.

*Fal.* When night-dogges run, all sorts of Deere are  
chac'd.

*Mist. Page.* Well, I will muse no further: *M<sup>r</sup> Fenton*,  
Heauca giue you many, many merry dayes:

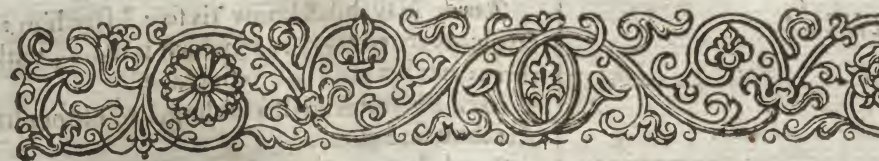
Good husband, let vs euey one go home,  
And laugh this sport ore by a Countrey fire,

*Sir Iohn* and all.

*Ford.* Let it be so (*Sir Iohn*):  
To Master *Broome*, you yet shall hold your word,

For he, to night, shall lye with *Mistress Ford*: *Exeunt*.

FINIS.



# MEASVR For Measure.

*Actus primus, Scena prima.*

Enter Duke, Escalus, Lords.

Duke.

Escalus.

My Lord.

(fold,

Duke. Of Government, the properties to vs-  
Would seeme in me t' affect speech & discourse.

Since I am put to know, that your owne Science  
Exceedes (in that) the lists of all aduice

My strength can giue you: Then no more remains  
But that, to your sufficiency, as your worth is able,

And let them worke: The nature of our People,  
Our Cities Institutions, and the Termes

For Common Iustice, y'are as pregnant in  
As Art, and practise, hath enriched any

That we remember: There is our Commission,  
From which, we would not haue you warpe; call hither,

I say, bid come before vs *Angelo*:  
What figure of vs thinke you, he will beare.

For you must know, we haue with speciall soule  
Elected him our absence to supply;

Lent him our terror, drest him with our loue,  
And giuen his Deputation all the Organs

Of our owne powre: What thinke you of it?  
*Esc.* If any in *Vienna* be of worth

To vndergoe such ample grace, and honour,  
It is Lord *Angelo*.

Enter Angelo.

Duke. Looke where he comes.

*Ang.* Alwayes obedient to your Graces will,  
I come to know your pleasure.

Duke. Angelo:

There is a kinde of Character in thy life,  
That to th' obseruer, doth thy history

Fully vnfold: Thy selfe, and thy belongings,  
Are not thine owne so proper, as to waste

Thy selfe vpon thy vertues; they on thee:  
Heauen doth with vs, as we, with Torches doe,

Not light them for themselves: For if our vertues  
Did not goe forth of vs, 'twere all alike

As if we had them not: Spirits are not finely touch'd,  
But to fine issues: nor nature neuer lends

The smallest scruple of her excellence,  
But like a thrifty goddesse, she determines

Her selfe the glory of a creditous  
Both thanks, and vse; but I do bend my speech

To one that can my part in h

Hold therefore *Angelo*:

In our remoue, be thou at su

Mortallitie and Mercie in *V*

Live in thy tongue, and hear

Though first in question, is t

Take thy Commission.

*Ang.* Now good my Lor

Let there be some more test,

Before so noble, and so grea

Be stamp't vpon it.

*Duk.* No more euasion:

We haue with a leauen'd, an

Proceeded to you; therefore

Our haste from hence is of so

That it prefers it selfe, and le

Matters of needfull value: V

As time, and our concerning

How it goes with vs, and do

To th' hopefull execution de

Of your Commissions.

*Ang.* Yet giue leaue (my

That we may bring you som

*Duk.* My haste may not a

Nor neede you (on mine hon

With any scruple: your scop

So to inforce, or qualifie the

As to your soule seemes goo

Ile priuily away: I loue the

But doe not like to stage me

Though it doe well, I doe no

Their lowd applause, and Au

Nor doe I thinke the man of

That do's affect it. Once mor

*Ang.* The heauens giue fa

*Esc.* Lead forth, and bri

nesse.

*Duk.* I thanke you, fare y

*Esc.* I shall desire you, *Sir*

To haue free speech with you

To looke into the bottome o

A powre I haue, but of what

I am not yet instructed.

*Ang.* 'Tis so with me: Let

And we may soone our satisf

Touching that point.

*Esc.* Ile wait vpon your ho

F